

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Should Your Stationery Be Perfumed?

Rush Query Put To Question Box Brings Up the Question Which Deserves More Than the Regulation Amount of Printed Consideration—Final Analysis of Why Smelly Stationery Should Not Be Used.

SHOULD perfumed stationery be used? Answer, most emphatically, no. There is no immature judgment behind this decided statement in the negative. The innumerable masterpieces of literature which have as a basis a crime, or some trouble involving a woman who used scented note paper are sufficient authority.

But let some desire more tangible reasons we suggest a few.

Perfumed stationery is cowardly. There is no escape from it. It always accomplishes its purpose. One cannot object to it unless one has smelled it first. Then it is too late. The stationery is satisfied.

There is no getting back at perfumed stationery. Even after the discovery that it is perfumed is made, not even burning the original missive will destroy the clinging odor.

Men have been convicted and divorced on perfumed stationery long since dead and gone.

Any one who would use perfumed stationery would have nerve enough to carry an atomizer around and squirt eau de cologne on his friends when they were not looking. Same idea.

Then, too, scented notes are so amateurish. Only a bungler or a beginner would descend to such easily spotted evidence. There are such an evident tinge to make one's personality hang over for another day or so.

Up to this point it has been assumed that every one does not like perfume on letter paper. But some people in the world who might like it. Some people exist who are fond of roquet cheese, and limburger. There's no accounting for taste.

But even then the thing is a gamble. The man with the aurea parchment will sniff like an animal smelling a prairie fire, if violet, or pebbles may garden is held under his nose.

Just as some men would die rather than have their hair cut anything but round at the back, just so do some men about smelling of perfume. That is, if you understand where perfume ceases being objective and becomes subjective.

They may like to sniff the stuff momentarily, but their proud spirits rebel at being made to carry about an odor selected and apportioned them by a woman. See attitude on choosing neckties.

Perfume being associated strongly with the female of the species, it is a complication of either their complete dominance or of their faint presence, if a man exudes even a faint trace of it.

Perfumed stationery in short is as dangerous as German submarine warfare, and is as much in need of regulation and admonition as underwear and blows up without warning domestic craft; it is malicious and insidious; its deadly deeds cannot be undone through its destruction, and it is contrary to all international warfare of the heart.

THE CONDUCTOR.

The Gentleman on Our Left says that he hasn't any ideas on perfumed stationery, and that he has as much as he can do to keep up with the movies and the newest gossip of the national guard. For he contends that it's not a man, but a man's wife who has the ideas about scented notes, anyhow.

Onions, Gooseberries, and Other Homely Vegetation Trim Many a Spring Hat

Ragweed Vies With Aristocratic Roses and Violets, While Ribbon Cockades and Lightly Poised Wings Have Their Uses, Too. Hats Are of Many Colors, Some of Them Quite Indescribable.

Although Most of the Millinery Runs to Sailor Shapes, Enough Small Hats Are Shown to Appease Those Who Protest the Unbecomingness of Larger Sizes; So Everybody's Happy.

AT one time in the history of millinery it was thought that the limit had been reached when celluloid grapes were introduced as trimming. Many were the jokes told of unsuspecting ladies who ventured too near a lamp or a gas jet with such finery and were startled by the explosion of the little balls.

But that was before the days of electricity. Now there are not only bunches of grapes, but gooseberries and currants for those pomologically inclined.

In short, it is to emulate nature with one's hats. Else why the presence in several exclusive millinery shops of the homely onion and lowly ragweed? One hat lady tried very hard to explain that the onion was a brown plum—but surely no plum was ever made in layers.

There is, of course, a plethora of fat red cherries, guaranteed to bob over so toothsome, as well as at least seventy-nine varieties of roses, pansies, and violets.

Not so familiar to the eye are cinquillo, heliotrope, mignonette, and various sorts of feathery sprays that would be the despair of any botanist. Sweet peas that look positively sniffable, and snapdragons in delicate pinks and yellows suggest perfect garden hats. Sturdy corn flowers and appealing forget-me-nots are old favorites receiving a warm welcome.

Once upon a time all summer hats were either black, white, or "natural" (usually yellow). White hats have long ago lost their prestige, though black hats still do yeoman duty. The spring maid of 1916 is likely to make her choice of purple, dark brown, dark green, and old blue, the superlatively trying color variously dubbed chartreuse, castor, and mustard, rose, cerise, gray, lilac, and their right on through the spectrum several times more.

If the hat is one of the darker colors the facing may be light enough to counteract any effect of dullness, while the gravity of the trimmings is to be counted upon to do the work anyway.

Hemp and Loose Weaves. Milan hems in firm weaves that answer well for durability are pre-eminently featured in all the shops. For sport hats, matting straws and a loose weave that is semi-transparent have been introduced. Several lacy straws, variously named by their fond creators, are built up into smaller hats.

For garden wear the leghorn of one's ancestors is making a determined bid. The color of this last straw is usually such a decided yellow that it is covered as far as possible by flowers, facing and ribbon.

Addition to the garden and field specimens crossed into service for trimming slim, trim wings have their uses, too. These wings are firmly made, and are "pruned" down in such a way as to lose any suggestion of fluffiness. Sometimes whole birds of the smaller sizes are poised about the crown as if ready to wing their way from the chapeau at a moment's notice.

Ribbons are seen everywhere—loopy and bunched and knotted—in the most severe of cockades or the saucy of streamers. Of this there is just one kind worthy of mention—grograin.

Like Prize Rosettes. It may be pleaded into little ornaments looking exactly like horse show prize ribbons tacked around the crown or the brim, and there are innumerable wall-of-Troy designs and gigantic cross stitch effects.

Some of the hats have a band of straw about an inch wide around the upper edge of the brim, and a row of ribbon may be applied here making a slight ripple like a scant ruffle at the inner edge.

Occasionally the entire upper brim looks like a round checker board, with ribbon of two colors woven into neat squares. Five pastel tints are often combined in a complicated lattice design covering the sides of the crown and ending in long knotted streamers at the back. Ribbon used for this is less than an inch wide, with a picot edge.

As the season advances the hats become broader until some of them seem bound to ape the gigantic crown and ending in long knotted streamers at the back. Ribbon used for this is less than an inch wide, with a picot edge.

The so-called roll brim sailors are appearing everywhere. These are just plain enough to come within the ranks of tailored hats, yet with the roll or the tilt to the brim emphasized by properly placed trimming, they manage to become quite informal and graceful.

One hat smacking of the sport type had a crown of woven straw and a brim of a flexible semi-transparent weave. The trimming was simply a knotted cord of straw ending in two odd straw pendants.

All in all, hats of unbecoming shapes are such a rarity that there is no excuse for a woman complaining that her type can't be fitted. She can wear just what size or style she wishes—surely no broader latitude could be allowed.



Shady sailor with a loosely woven crown. The brim turns down a bit and the only trimming is a cord of straw much like an officer's sword knot.



Thimble shaped turban of alternating rows of gros-grain ribbon. A spike of roses rises boldly in front and knots at the back end in long streamers.

Stories of Stories

Plots of Fiction Masterpieces

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

THE CASTLE'S GHOST, By Giovanni Verga.

DON GARZIA was a robber-baron, whose grim old castle was perched on the crest of a cliff that overhung the Mediterranean. To this drear home he brought his gentle bride, Donna Violante, a convent-bred girl, who was horribly afraid of him.

Then, through loneliness, she sought the friendship of her husband's hand some page, Conrad. The lad secretly adored her, but the whole affair was absolutely innocent on both sides.

One evening as Violante and the page stood talking in the castle gallery above the sea Don Garzia happened upon them. He murdered Conrad and had the page's body thrown into the sea.

Fearful for her own life, Violante fled toward the precipice edge. Her husband rushed in pursuit of her. But before he could reach the precipice she had vanished over the brink. The sea below was dragged in vain for her body.

The baron, in a fit of remorse, left the castle in charge of a few trusted old servants and set forth on a journey. But soon his remorse died down and back he came, bringing a new wife with him.

The second spouse was no mild convent girl, but a woman with a will and a temper of her own. She quickly established her rule over both the castle and its lord.

For a while all went comfortably enough. Then the baroness' maid whispered of a white phantom that flitted across the gallery by night. The baroness watched. She, too, saw the

shadowy white figure steal across the gallery. And she awakened the baron, but by that time the ghost had vanished.

The baron, suspecting a trick, stood guard, sword in hand, in the dark gallery all the next night. No ghost appeared. For three nights he kept his lonely vigil.

At 12 o'clock on the fourth night his patience was rewarded. Along the dim gallery glided a snow-white shape. The baron raised his sword and waited. As the apparition passed close by him he smote with all his might. His blade encountered yielding flesh. A death scream echoed through the castle.

Barring the gallery doors to all save his old squire, the baron lit a torch and gazed down at the white figure. It was the dead body of Violante. She had not thrown herself over the cliff, but had eluded Don Garzia's pursuit in the darkness and had remained hidden in the castle, venturing out only at night in search of food. And now her husband had slain her.

"Bruno," said the baron, tremblingly, as he turned to his squire, "no one must know of this or I should be falsely charged with all sorts of crimes. Help me throw into the sea this body which some evil spirit has shaped into the likeness of my unfortunate wife."

Bruno obeyed without a word. But, like all the other servants, he had always loved and pitied the poor Donna Violante. And he quietly resolved to avenge her. So next time he and the baron went hunting together the squire, in spring at a deer, accidentally lodged a bullet in his master's brain.

(Copyright, 1915.)

Question Box

Question Box—Will you tell me whether or not it is proper to use perfumed stationery? MAC.

Perfumed stationery is not considered to be in good taste.

RECIPES

Tomato Omelet.

Beat one cup of strained tomato pulp in a saucepan. Add one tablespoon of minced onion and thicken with one tablespoon each of flour and butter. When smooth and thick, season with salt and pepper. Beat three eggs, add three tablespoons of milk, season with salt and pepper, and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Serve in a deep dish, or, better, in a crown of hot boiled rice.

Mushrooms Creole.

Trim, wash and drain the mushrooms; put in a pan with two tablespoons of olive oil, season with salt and pepper and fry quickly for five minutes; remove the mushrooms with a skimmer; place one sliced onion and one large tomato in a shallow pan and fry until well browned. Put back the mushrooms with four peeled, crushed tomatoes; season a little more; mix well, cover the pan, and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Serve in a deep dish, or, better, in a crown of hot boiled rice.

Fig Cheese Pydding.

To two well beaten eggs, add one-half cup of cottage cheese, two heaping tablespoons of preserved figs, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of lemon extract and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Mix well and pour into a baking dish. Place the baking dish in a shallow pan of water and bake in a hot oven until firm. Serve cold with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Onion Cakes.

Roll out pieces of raised bread dough on a floured board, about one-half inch thick and the size of a saucer. Mix a small onion in the center of each piece of dough, sprinkle with salt and prick with a fork. Place in a warm place to rise about one hour. Flour slightly, and bake until slightly browned on the edges. Serve hot or cold.

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Successful Campaign Waged in Baltimore to End Unnecessary Noise

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

SILENCE gives consent, according to the poets, to which the physician adds "and health." Just as a fool cannot hold his tongue, so noises cry out in the wilderness against health. Noise often spells disaster to those who are ill. Severe illness, like deep waters, must take its course silently.

Small griefs find tongues; full casks are ever found. To give—if any—very little sound. To the sick, the downhearted, the injured, the irritable, and the convalescent, silence, like a medicine, comes to heal the blows of noise. The silent graces, Desire and Thought, help to heal the issues, the heart and the mind.

Dr. William T. Watson, of Baltimore, is one of America's practical medical pioneers as far as noise is related to health, happiness and disease. Thanks to the energy, efforts and enthusiasm of Dr. Watson, Baltimoreans organized the first systematic attempt to improve human health by the elimination of disease-maintaining noises.

With due recognition of the fact that many city noises are concerned as causes in the death of many sick people—with the discovery elsewhere of these pernicious annoyances—Baltimoreans organized a committee to study the problem. The outcome of this was the appointment by the Baltimore police force of Officer Maurice E. Pease, the only anti-noise policeman on earth.

Inventory of Disturbances. The story of the man who went to the country for his health and could not sleep because of the melancholy silence is more humorous than true. Doctors and nurses have long insisted upon the evil effects of the thousand thrills and quivering sounds which haunt hospitals and sick chambers.

Hospital superintendents, patients, nurses and attendants in Baltimore have made, for the first time in a scientific manner, an inventory of the exact disturbances which produce mischievous and injurious results upon those who are sick. The victims in hospitals and elsewhere of these pernicious annoyances were given cards upon which records were kept, both by the patients and their nurses, of the precise type of noise which disturbed their health or lanes in their state of health. The upshot was the following list of abolishable or wind-scrutable sounds:

Nocturnal banging of letter boxes.

loud talk of drivers on early morning wagons, greetings by maids and janitors as they go to work in the "evening" hours, cackling hens, crowing roosters, car wheels screeching on curves, flat wheels on night-owl cars, cries of backward carts, howling of dogs, freight engines shifting, the thunder of taxicabs, the cries of hucksters, negroes quarreling in alleys, singing and phonograph playing after midnight, milk and baker wagon noises in early hours, tuneless pianos played by nervous tone deaf beginners, car bells, street pianos, noisy school children, cobblestone streets.

The Surprising Result.

Once this array of preventable torments was handed to Officer Pease, that indefatigable pioneer, without fear or favor—also without laws or special legislation, but the mere invocation of the police power included under the term "preservation of the peace"—often at the sacrifice of twenty-four hours of sleep, succeeded in uprooting and quashing a large part of these abominations.

Water sprinklers of nocturnal habits were diverted of bells. Curves of railway tracks were greased every few hours, instead of twice a day. Bakers were cautioned to warn all drivers and other employees who talked or shouted the same order to their employees.

Early morning newspaper carriers were given even more stringent rules, such as the use of rubber heels. Lamp lighters and fish hucksters, as well as other human owls laughingly co-operated. Most of them considered it a joke or a bad unless illness struck their own families, yet Officer Pease intimidated them into proper behavior.

Crowing roosters were located and silenced. Their owners for the most part got rid of them. Back fences upon which meowing cats practiced their catenades were watched and owners of the guilty cats discovered. Deliverers of bread, who banged down bread boxes, were stopped.

In fine, newboys, roller skaters, street car motemen, taxi drivers, ragmen, ash and garbage cart drivers, and hundreds of cats and roosters were made to mend their hideous ways by sentences of death to the latter and threats of lost employment to the former. Railway officials, Government departments, and employees, of course, lent strong countenance to this newest of city health campaigns. And the result in quick recoveries from sickness in many cases has more than repaid the labor and trouble.

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Answers To Health Questions

J. K. R. D.—I am troubled with a sour stomach and am constipated. Will you kindly advise me what to do for this?

Take up dancing and physical culture. Exercise the bowels three times a day with a little castor oil. Take a glassful of water daily—a little tablet makes the water effervescent. Carry charcoal tablets with you and take four or five any time you feel constipated. Sleep ten hours every night, and take a Bismarck tablet with your meals, a wine-glassful of olive oil and six charcoal tablets about half an hour after meals. Obtain more sunlight and fresh air as well as daily exercise.

R. A.—Kindly give a remedy for indigestion.

You must eat more apples, figs, cereals, prunes, prune juice, carrots, spinach, stewed pears, drink three quarts of distilled water daily, two glassfuls one half hour before each meal. Take seven grains oxide of magnesium before meals, five charcoal tablets after meals. Sleep ten hours in a well ventilated room and be outdoors in the fresh air and sunshine as much as possible.

L. B. R.—Kindly advise what a nursing mother can take to cure her cold and also the baby's.

Take five grains of hexamethyleneamine in a glass of water with a citrate of lithia. Rub the baby's nose with a little of the following: Ammoniated mercury, six grains to half ounce of white vaseline.

J. P. L.—I am sixty years old, and much annoyed with a dropping from the nose. I have tried various remedies, but am unable to obtain relief. Kindly advise me what to do. I am very vigorous and active, work ten hours every day and walk nearly

three miles daily, yet no matter how hard I work, my nose "drops" as I am never what people call "tired."

What does this denote? I am a fairly good sleeper, but once in a while I will wake up in the middle of the night. Will you kindly advise me what to do?

Spray the throat with alcohol in which a grain of menthol has been dissolved. 2. A moderate high blood pressure, and fairly good health. I should say, 3. Whenever you feel unable to sleep take a hot bath, drink a glassful of warm milk before retiring, and sleep in a well ventilated room.

J. H. S.—Kindly advise what I can do to stop dreaming. Every night as soon as I retire, I start to dream.

Dreams come from some irritation from the nose, throat, teeth, head, stomach or skin. Find the cause and have it removed and the dreams will cease. Take a hot bath and drink a glassful of milk just before retiring, also take a triple effervescent bromide tablet in a glassful of water before bedtime.

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